

THE DAILY HERALD
Published Every Day by
THE HERALD COMPANY
OFFICE: THE HERALD block, corner
W. Temple and First South streets,
Salt Lake City.
TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:
DAILY, PER MONTH, \$1.00
DAILY, PER YEAR, \$10.00
Semi-weekly per year, \$5.00
Sundays, per year, \$2.00
COMPLAINTS—Subscribers who fail to
receive a copy of THE HERALD should
immediately notify the publishers.
Readers who are unable to purchase
THE HERALD at any news stand or on
any railroad train in Utah, Idaho, Ne-
vada, Wyoming or Colorado, will please
write to the publishers.
WASHINGTON BUREAU—West End
National Bank building, 1410 G street, N.
W.
NEW YORK OFFICE—E. East, 25-27
Temple Court building.
CHICAGO OFFICE—10 Washington St.
CHICAGO BUREAU—1010 N. Dearborn St.
Trans company building.
Address all remittances to HERALD
COMPANY.
Subscribers removing from one place to
another, and desiring papers changed,
should always give former as well as
present address.

METEOROLOGICAL RECORD.
Yesterday's Record at the Local Office
of the Weather Bureau.
Salt Lake City, Utah, March 31, 1899.
Maximum temperature, 57 degrees; mini-
mum temperature, 22 degrees; mean tem-
perature, 40 degrees, which is 6 degrees
above the normal; accumulated deficiency
temperature since the 1st of the month, 21
degrees; accumulated excess of tempera-
ture since Jan. 1, 61 degrees.
Precipitation from 6 p. m. to 6 p. m., .9
inch; accumulated excess of precipitation
since the 1st of the month, 2.4 inch; accu-
mulated excess of precipitation since Jan-
1st, 2.90 inches.
LOCAL FORECAST.
The following is the local forecast of
the weather for today: Fair and
warmer.
Section Director, H. H. Hurd.

MEN AND MYSTERIES.
Mysterious murders have a wonder-
ful fascination for the average mind.
Each detail is dwelt upon and magnified
and distorted and repeated, until the
narrators confuse the facts with the
fictions, and actually become con-
vinced that they are not only person-
ally acquainted with makers of which
they have merely heard, but with im-
aginary circumstances as well.
Some people pass readily and un-
consciously from hearsay to eye-wit-
ness, and, no doubt, honestly believe
that their theories or impressions were
really acted out. Cases have been re-
corded where innocent men accused of
murder have brooded over the accu-
sations until they had convinced them-
selves that they were guilty. Men
have been hung, it is related, upon such
false admissions, when subsequent de-
velopments established their innocence
beyond peradventure.
Since men allow their imaginations to
convince themselves that they were
principals, it is not difficult for others
to become spectators by the same process.

This is especially so in rural commu-
nities, where crimes are all-absorbing
topics for longer periods than the pro-
verbial nine days; and, in cases like
the killing of the nightwatchman at
Layton the other night, every develop-
ment is followed and discussed with
great interest.
It is not so with open assassinations;
there is nothing interesting or fascinat-
ing in that; then it is the mystery that
holds interest, rather than the crime
itself. It is the common trait of man
to seek to know the unknown; a com-
mon dislike to be thwarted or out-
done; a sort of resentment against
fate's placing obstacles in the way of
personal curiosity, and a resistance
which exists the ardent of men. It is
human nature to pry into secrets, and
to greater or lesser degrees, the more
significant, the greater the desire to
fathom it. What anyone may know,
how persist in learning, unless, of
course, it is of personal interest to
know it.
Ingenuous murders, or those that have
little detection, arouse communities as
games of chance, exciting players, for it
is a trial of cunning, a test of skill,
with the criminal on one side and so-
ciety on the other, and the gathering of
clues and the weaving of a web that
are like solving puzzles, only the im-
portance of results on the one hand
far outweighs the simple satisfaction
which follows success on the other.

Some men and some newspapers de-
plore this interest people take in hor-
rors; ascribe to it morbid sentiments,
and dread its tendency as baleful and
unwholesome may be so, and yet
the very interest people take would
seem to afford a stimulus for the bet-
ter protection of human life. It makes
officers vigilant, it makes people ob-
servant and anxious. It is far better
than to see them apathetic and indif-
ferent.

Sensational and morbid curiosity
may have their drawbacks, and they
are not commendable in general, but
these traits of man are not without
compensating influences, after all. It
is where they are carried to extremes
that they seem totally unworthy. And
as long as society is made up of all
kinds of people there will be radicals
as well as conservatives, and each in
his way does good.

POLITICAL EFFECT.
Perhaps our Republican friends will
not be so rash in rushing to the de-
fense of the administration, nor that
criminal misstatement of the Ameri-
can soldiers in Cuba and Porto Rico
has been proved beyond question.
When the boys came straggling home
from the islands and the post com-
mands last fall, war-worn, fever-stricken,
starved and neglected by the civil offi-
cers who insisted upon conducting the
war in their own way and feeding the
army on their own contracts, the pres-
ident's defenders told us that the sol-
diers themselves were to blame.
It was a cowardly excuse, a villainous
perversion of the facts, a brutal
shift of blame. Time has shown
how false and dastardly it was. Inves-
tigation has fastened the crime upon
the administration. It cannot escape
the moral responsibility.

When newspapers failed for an in-
vestigation Alger said there was nothing
to investigate. When they insist-
ed Hanna said that was for political ef-
fect. And administration organs, even
a local contemporary which had been
as indignant at first, took the cue from
Hanna and declared: "There is too
much politics in this denunciation of
Alger and Egan."
But some of the strongest testimony
against the best contractors, some of
the most damning facts have been pre-
sented by members of the Republican

party not partisan enough to screen
criminals and cover up crime.
Nor should the American people over-
look the other offenses to which the ad-
ministration was a party, while watch-
ing the astute developments of the
past incrimination. The rotten food fur-
nished the brave men who needed
health and strength to battle for their
country was only one item. It is the
only one under investigation now.
Neglect of the helpless wounded and
of the Egan-poisoned horses was an-
other crying evil of the war.

My men are dying for lack of medi-
cine and proper food," telegraphed an
officer after another to the war depart-
ment. Hanna would say, when these
statements were shown him: "Things
like that are for political effect."
But 6,000 soldiers died. Was that for
political effect?
The camps were unhealthy and some
of them were selected where there was
no adequate supply of water. Disease
followed as a matter of course. Men
sickened and died and the reasons are
being revealed. But no one believes
that Roosevelt's men vomited for po-
litical effect after eating the only meat
furnished them by Alger and Egan.
No one believes that officers begged for
proper food and medicine for the sick
of their commands for political effect.
A few administration heroes may make
the statement, but no rational man be-
lieves it now.
Let no one who defends Egan, Alger
and McKinley's misstatement of the
American soldier in the war with Spain
ever insinuate about the loyalty and
patriotism of any one else.

THREE OF A KIND.
The Provo Enquirer indulges in its
usual fling at Bryan and other ad-
vocates of bimetallism, and says that
their financial plan "would make our
silver dollars only half their present
value."
It goes on to commend the Tribune's
abuse of Democrats, quotes its appeal
to Republicans to return to the regu-
lar organization, rejoices over our
morning contemporary's final and com-
plete repudiation of "all of the policies
advocated by President McKinley," as
the state platform pledged the party
last fall, and concludes with the fol-
lowing assurance to the followers of
Hanna:
"We believe that the state can again
be placed in the Republican column,
where it properly belongs. If the men
who in 1896 left the party, feel now as
the Tribune does, Republicans will
meet them half way, and through Re-
publican harmony, politics in the state
may again become interesting. Last
campaign they descended to such a
level as to disgust most citizens who
have the welfare of Utah at heart."

We are glad to see brethren dwell
together in harmony, and so long as
the Tribune's motto is, "Anything to
beat the Democrats," its proper place
is in line with the Ogden Standard
and the Provo Enquirer, neither of
which denies its loyalty to McKinley
and the St. Louis platform, but fights
the Chicago platform and Democracy
openly.

FILIPINOS IN THE HILLS.
Malolos has fallen. Aguinaldo has
been driven from his stronghold. The
insurgents have scattered among the
hills. American troops are bivouacking
on the site of the rebel capital. But
the war is not over.
As some of the officers predicted, it
will be guerrilla warfare from this time
on until the end, whenever that may
come.
Lawton practically controls the south
end of Luzon, while MacArthur has
captured every town worth taking
north of the Pasig. Dewey will be able
to keep the natives from congregating
on the coast, and fighting him forth-
with into their ambushes, with which
most of the officers and regulars
are acquainted. Lawton is an old hand
at this game, and no one questions
MacArthur's prowess as an all-round
exterminator of savages.
The Americans have probably reach-
ed the end of rapid fighting, and they
certainly had not enough. But this
business of driving insurgents through
swamps, clearing them out of thickets,
strangling them into their ambushes, char-
ing them over the hills and down the
ravines and killing them, one at a
time, can not be expedited.

There is little likelihood of the insur-
gents north and south of the Pasig get-
ting together and reorganizing their
forces. Our troops have possession of
the fortifications along the river and
Major Grant is master of the island
between the two gulches and Utah guns.
This gives us a line from Manila bay to
the lake. A ship near Cavite can throw
shells all around the lake, if necessary,
and this will keep the natives away
from the vicinity. The lake extends in
irregular shape nearly across the island
of Luzon, coming to within ten miles
of the eastern shore. A gunboat at the
eastern side of the lake and a ship in
the bay would have the lake under their
fire, could, therefore, command the
passage from north to south at that
point also, which would completely sepa-
rate the rebel forces from each other
and enable our troops to conduct such
campaigns as may be necessary against
them, one at a time.

Little resistance is expected from the
insurgents south of the Pasig. Other
forces in the Tuguegarao region, and
Lawton has them well in hand.
The worst feature of the campaign to
come seems to lie in the fact that Aki-
naldo has evidently retreated to the
range of mountains north of Lake Bal-
abac, a portion of the island inaccessible
to inland troops and filled with a
which was never conquered or even in-
vaded by Spaniards. Yet there is some
question as to whether a large number
of natives will be able to hold out very
long cut off from the rest of the island
and shut off from all communication by
sea, or subside in an uncivilized state
of country. Probably the easiest
way to get them now is to camp on all
the trails and await developments.

"It seems very queer," says Curtis in
the Chicago Record, "that a man who
has been examined by a medical board
of the pension office and found suffi-
ciently disabled to entitle him to a pen-
sion, should go a few blocks west to the
war department and be reported
physically sound by a military medical
board, and then, after the war, go back
to the pension office for re-examination
and get another report of total physical
disability. The fact that the army medi-
cal board has declared a man sound
has no weight with the pension medi-
cal board, and vice versa. When a

pensioner enlisted in the army he had
to forfeit his pension, and now when
he is mustered out it is granted him
again. These cases are occurring every-
day, and simply illustrate the weak-
ness in the pension bureau." It is an
evidence of the vast amount of fraud
in many of these examinations. When
one medical board pronounces a man
sound under the rigid requirements of
active service, and another medical
board pronounces the same man phy-
sically unground and helpless enough
to require a pension, there is "some-
thing rotten in Denmark."

Another marine honor is reported.
One hundred and twenty Easter ex-
cursionists were drowned Friday near
the island of Attenu, off the English
coast. It was a holiday party on its
way to spend Sunday in the channel
islands. Their Easter will never come
on earth. Good Friday was to them
what the original was to their Re-
deemer, but on Easter their friends will
look for them in vain to rise from their
water graves and walk forth to greet
them.

Jagers, the English messenger boy
sent to this country by Richard Har-
ding Davis received a medal upon
his return to London. Not many
"jagers" could have done so well.
Foreigners acquainted with Oriental
predict a long war in the Philippines.
Senator Hoar continues to be a thorn
in the side of the administration.

AMUSEMENTS.
Richard Brinkley Sheridan's famous
comedy, "The School for Scandal,"
will be the vehicle in which Manager
Waggoner and Kemper will present
the Louis James, Kathryn Kidder and
Frederick Warde combination at the
Salt Lake theatre on Monday night.
The Irishman named "The Rivals,"
is not exceeded in humor, wit and satire
by anything that has been written
since. The present revival of the
nature of the Jefferson-Florence
Drew revival of "The Rivals," and both
of them make demands upon the art
of the actors which can only be met by
artists of fine timber and extensive ex-
perience. That has been the history of
the play from its first night at Drury
Lane in London, in 1717.
The sale of seats goes on very brisk-
ly at the theatre.

The evening with miscellaneous com-
posers given by the Bunter club last
evening proved to be one of the most
interesting concerts of the year.
The programme included numbers by
the Chamade chorus and the Chamade
quartette, and several enjoyable solo
numbers. The musical meeting to be
held in four weeks, will be devoted to
Brahms and Moscovski.
The Ellis Opera company will reach
the city this morning in its special
train of twelve cars. The concert in
the tabernacle this evening promises to
be very largely attended by music lovers.

THE "WASNT THERES"
(Hobart, in Baltimore American.)
(With apt apologies to Mr. Rudyard
Kipling.)
"Who are those men howling there?"
Said stranger-on-Parade.
"The 'Wasnt THERES'!"
The correspondent said,
"You're a queer fellow, you loud!"
Said stranger-on-Parade.
"The 'Wasnt THERES'!"
The war's continued in their throats."
The correspondent said,
"For they're thrashing Schley, the
hero."
In the most approved way,
They're thrashing him today!
They're thrashing his pocket with
the 'Wasnt THERES'!"
Oh, they're thrashing Schley, the hero,
In the morning."

"What makes them breathe so hard, so
loud?"
Said stranger-on-Parade.
"They're after Fane, they're after
Fane!"
The correspondent said,
"How can you hear that great renown?"
Said stranger-on-Parade.
"The papers print their pictures, see?"
The correspondent said,
"For they're after Schley, the hero,
For he's a hero in music, you see."
Now comes in the queer conceit;
Says the man who's in the street:
Still the girl was M. T.
"Bring back, bring back, bring back my
Bonnie to me, to me," warbled the young
lady on the front porch. And the young
man on the other porch sang back:
"Brickbat, brickbat, brickbat
your Bonnie for me, for me!"
Teacher—(Name one of the chief char-
acters in the story.)
Pupil—(Hesitatingly)—Well, er—he had
lots of Gaul!"
Another pupil remarked that Caesar
must have been an awfully clever fellow,
to write all of that in Latin.
A young lady once sent her photograph
to her school friend, and the friend re-
plied: "You are a very nice girl, and on
her next visit to the city, bring me
back a box of your hair."
"Oh!" exclaimed the recipient, "if I
knew how to do that, I'd have
looked more intelligent."
"I'd look rather like you look
perfectly natural."
And she wondered why the girl went off
into such a fit of laughter.

Two students were discussing the im-
mortality of the soul. One argued that
the soul is immortal, and the other
believed in an after life.
"Well," said the first, "suppose your
views are correct, and I'm bound for
heaven. At least, there is some comfort
in knowing that I shan't be altogether
cut off in the cold."
"Old things said by students are many."
"Who is the present president of the
French republic?" was asked.
"I don't know his name, but you'll find
his picture in one of the magazines," was
the answer.
Another, in a Greek history class:
"Please explain how our alphabet has
been brought down to its present form."
"Well, the Egyptians took it first (short
pencil), then the Assyrians and Chal-
deans altered it (brief pencil), then the
Greeks took it and made some changes
(longer pencil), then the Romans made
some more changes."
A perfect howl of laughter interrupted
further explanations.
And still another:
Professor—How did the Romans receive
the news of the defeat of the Gauls?
Loud Laug—Oh, I suppose somebody
told them.
Miss B., who has recently become en-
gaged, invited us to look at her "solitary"
ring.
A wee girl in geography:
Says it is very clear
"I don't know his name, but you'll find
his picture in one of the magazines," was
the answer.
"Please hand me a glass of water," said
one fair damsel to another.
"I'm not waiting maid," responded the
other.
"No, I'm the waiting maid," replied girl
No. 1. She got her drink.

THE ANSWER.
(Rudyard Kipling.)
A rose, in tatters on the garden path,
Cried out to find and married against
his wish.
Because the wind at twilight's touch
Had snatched her stem alone of all the
bunch.
And who he hearse both sun-dried and
and sun.
Had pity, whispering to that luckless one,
"Sister, before you sayest 'we did not
well,'
What voicest heardst thou when thy pe-
tal fell?"
And the rose answered, "Thou art evil fair
A voicest heardst thou when thy pe-
tal fell?"
"For lo, the very gossamers are still!"
And a voice answered, "Son, by Allah's
will!"
Then softly, as a rain-bird on the awning
Came to the rose the answer of the Lord!
"Sister, before we smote the dark in
twain."
Ere yet the stars saw one another plain,
The rose and I, we bound into the
task.
That thou shouldst fall, and such an one
Should be the wretched flower, all content,
Didst as they did whose days are inno-
cent.
While he who questioned why the flower
Caught hold of God and saved his soul
from hell.



"The flowers that bloom on a hat
tra la.
Have nothing to do with the earth.
For they're made by a milliner's girl
tra la.
And the bill makes hubby's hair curl
tra la.
For he's charged fifty times what
they're worth."

**FUNNY THINGS THAT
HAVE REALLY HAPPENED**

He was the most dignified fellow you
could imagine. One day he was very
much attracted by a funeral. Sauntering
up to a son of Erin who was digging a
sewer near by, he drawled:
"Say, who's dead?"
The Irishman gazed at his questioner
for a long minute, then said slowly:
"I don't know, sor, but I think it's the
man in the hearse, sor."
"What route did Sir Walter Raleigh
take when he returned to England?"
asked the puzzled boy.
"He went by the Atlantic," answered his
wiser.
One of our local merchants was the
proud possessor of a sofa so torn that all
of its inside wirework was decidedly
open to the public.
"What do you keep that thing for?"
asked a friend.
"That's my spring opening," was the
reply.

They had been arranging an Easter
festival.
"What can we have for a change?"
asked the chairman of the programme
committee.
"Well," said the funny man, solemnly,
"let's leave the hearse for a change,
and just have 'em!"
"What's the matter, Nellie?"
"Oh, ever just arrived at the conclusion
that thinking isn't good for the brain. I
was going to a hat store, but my mind
was so preoccupied and I walked into
the next place instead. The next place was
a saloon. I came out too quick for even a
casual observer to think I had taken a
drink, but oh, dear!"
M. T. ate some chicken stew.
And a little girl said:
"Now comes in the queer conceit;
Says the man who's in the street:
Still the girl was M. T."

The Auctioneer Got Mad.
(Chicago Democrat.)
There was a great commotion in a
State street auction shop this morning
when the auctioneer stepped down
from his stand and struck a man who
was one of his listeners. His victim was an
innocent-looking fellow and it was not
until his face was considerably battered
that they succeeded in separating the
men.
It seems that the innocent-appearing
fellow, who was a native of the South,
had been strolling in the direction of
the innocent young man.
"Six I'm bid, who'll give seven?"
The first bidder said that he would,
and the young man was again asked
to increase the bid. Again his disease
seized upon him, and he roaredly as-
serted that he would not increase the
bid. He continued to shout unconsciously
until he had bid \$5 on the watch, and
then he refused to take the timepiece,
upon it being finally knocked down by
him, the light following.

It Was Raining.
(Youth's Companion.)
Dr. Gruby, a physician of Paris, was
famous for his efforts to protect ani-
mals from cruelty. He went beyond
those who are humane simply as far
as four-footed creatures; he was logical
enough to include insects in his mercy.
He was, however, a little nervous,
and when one day, in his parlor, a big
dog came in, the doctor's patience be-
came a little worn, and he called his
man servant.
"What's the matter?" said the doc-
tor, "to open the window and carefully
put that fly outside."
"But, sir," said the servant, who
thought of the drowning fly, "the room
might get through an open casement,
it is raining outside."
The doctor thought of the fly,
and not of his cushions.
"Oh, is it?" he exclaimed. "Then
please put the little creature in the
window pane, the doctor's patience be-
came a little worn, and he called his
man servant.
"What's the matter?" said the doc-
tor, "to open the window and carefully
put that fly outside."
"But, sir," said the servant, who
thought of the drowning fly, "the room
might get through an open casement,
it is raining outside."
The doctor thought of the fly,
and not of his cushions.
"Oh, is it?" he exclaimed. "Then
please put the little creature in the
window pane, the doctor's patience be-
came a little worn, and he called his
man servant.
"What's the matter?" said the doc-
tor, "to open the window and carefully
put that fly outside."
"But, sir," said the servant, who
thought of the drowning fly, "the room
might get through an open casement,
it is raining outside."
The doctor thought of the fly,
and not of his cushions.
"Oh, is it?" he exclaimed. "Then
please put the little creature in the
window pane, the doctor's patience be-
came a little worn, and he called his
man servant.
"What's the matter?" said the doc-
tor, "to open the window and carefully
put that fly outside."
"But, sir," said the servant, who
thought of the drowning fly, "the room
might get through an open casement,
it is raining outside."
The doctor thought of the fly,
and not of his cushions.
"Oh, is it?" he exclaimed. "Then
please put the little creature in the
window pane, the doctor's patience be-
came a little worn, and he called his
man servant.
"What's the matter?" said the doc-
tor, "to open the window and carefully
put that fly outside."
"But, sir," said the servant, who
thought of the drowning fly, "the room
might get through an open casement,
it is raining outside."
The doctor thought of the fly,
and not of his cushions.
"Oh, is it?" he exclaimed. "Then
please put the little creature in the
window pane, the doctor's patience be-
came a little worn, and he called his
man servant.
"What's the matter?" said the doc-
tor, "to open the window and carefully
put that fly outside."
"But, sir," said the servant, who
thought of the drowning fly, "the room
might get through an open casement,
it is raining outside."
The doctor thought of the fly,
and not of his cushions.
"Oh, is it?" he exclaimed. "Then
please put the little creature in the
window pane, the doctor's patience be-
came a little worn, and he called his
man servant.
"What's the matter?" said the doc-
tor, "to open the window and carefully
put that fly outside."
"But, sir," said the servant, who
thought of the drowning fly, "the room
might get through an open casement,
it is raining outside."
The doctor thought of the fly,
and not of his cushions.
"Oh, is it?" he exclaimed. "Then
please put the little creature in the
window pane, the doctor's patience be-
came a little worn, and he called his
man servant.
"What's the matter?" said the doc-
tor, "to open the window and carefully
put that fly outside."
"But, sir," said the servant, who
thought of the drowning fly, "the room
might get through an open casement,
it is raining outside."
The doctor thought of the fly,
and not of his cushions.
"Oh, is it?" he exclaimed. "Then
please put the little creature in the
window pane, the doctor's patience be-
came a little worn, and he called his
man servant.
"What's the matter?" said the doc-
tor, "to open the window and carefully
put that fly outside."
"But, sir," said the servant, who
thought of the drowning fly, "the room
might get through an open casement,
it is raining outside."
The doctor thought of the fly,
and not of his cushions.
"Oh, is it?" he exclaimed. "Then
please put the little creature in the
window pane, the doctor's patience be-
came a little worn, and he called his
man servant.
"What's the matter?" said the doc-
tor, "to open the window and carefully
put that fly outside."
"But, sir," said the servant, who
thought of the drowning fly, "the room
might get through an open casement,
it is raining outside."
The doctor thought of the fly,
and not of his cushions.
"Oh, is it?" he exclaimed. "Then
please put the little creature in the
window pane, the doctor's patience be-
came a little worn, and he called his
man servant.
"What's the matter?" said the doc-
tor, "to open the window and carefully
put that fly outside."
"But, sir," said the servant, who
thought of the drowning fly, "the room
might get through an open casement,
it is raining outside."
The doctor thought of the fly,
and not of his cushions.
"Oh, is it?" he exclaimed. "Then
please put the little creature in the
window pane, the doctor's patience be-
came a little worn, and he called his
man servant.
"What's the matter?" said the doc-
tor, "to open the window and carefully
put that fly outside."
"But, sir," said the servant, who
thought of the drowning fly, "the room
might get through an open casement,
it is raining outside."
The doctor thought of the fly,
and not of his cushions.
"Oh, is it?" he exclaimed. "Then
please put the little creature in the
window pane, the doctor's patience be-
came a little worn, and he called his
man servant.
"What's the matter?" said the doc-
tor, "to open the window and carefully
put that fly outside."
"But, sir," said the servant, who
thought of the drowning fly, "the room
might get through an open casement,
it is raining outside."
The doctor thought of the fly,
and not of his cushions.
"Oh, is it?" he exclaimed. "Then
please put the little creature in the
window pane, the doctor's patience be-
came a little worn, and he called his
man servant.
"What's the matter?" said the doc-
tor, "to open the window and carefully
put that fly outside."
"But, sir," said the servant, who
thought of the drowning fly, "the room
might get through an open casement,
it is raining outside."
The doctor thought of the fly,
and not of his cushions.
"Oh, is it?" he exclaimed. "Then
please put the little creature in the
window pane, the doctor's patience be-
came a little worn, and he called his
man servant.
"What's the matter?" said the doc-
tor, "to open the window and carefully
put that fly outside."
"But, sir," said the servant, who
thought of the drowning fly, "the room
might get through an open casement,
it is raining outside."
The doctor thought of the fly,
and not of his cushions.
"Oh, is it?" he exclaimed. "Then
please put the little creature in the
window pane, the doctor's patience be-
came a little worn, and he called his
man servant.
"What's the matter?" said the doc-
tor, "to open the window and carefully
put that fly outside."
"But, sir," said the servant, who
thought of the drowning fly, "the room
might get through an open casement,
it is raining outside."
The doctor thought of the fly,
and not of his cushions.
"Oh, is it?" he exclaimed. "Then
please put the little creature in the
window pane, the doctor's patience be-
came a little worn, and he called his
man servant.
"What's the matter?" said the doc-
tor, "to open the window and carefully
put that fly outside."
"But, sir," said the servant, who
thought of the drowning fly, "the room
might get through an open casement,
it is raining outside."
The doctor thought of the fly,
and not of his cushions.
"Oh, is it?" he exclaimed. "Then
please put the little creature in the
window pane, the doctor's patience be-
came a little worn, and he called his
man servant.
"What's the matter?" said the doc-
tor, "to open the window and carefully
put that fly outside."
"But, sir," said the servant, who
thought of the drowning fly, "the room
might get through an open casement,
it is raining outside."
The doctor thought of the fly,
and not of his cushions.
"Oh, is it?" he exclaimed. "Then
please put the little creature in the
window pane, the doctor's patience be-
came a little worn, and he called his
man servant.
"What's the matter?" said the doc-
tor, "to open the window and carefully
put that fly outside."
"But, sir," said the servant, who
thought of the drowning fly, "the room
might get through an open casement,
it is raining outside."
The doctor thought of the fly,
and not of his cushions.
"Oh, is it?" he exclaimed. "Then
please put the little creature in the
window pane, the doctor's patience be-
came a little worn, and he called his
man servant.
"What's the matter?" said the doc-
tor, "to open the window and carefully
put that fly outside."
"But, sir," said the servant, who
thought of the drowning fly, "the room
might get through an open casement,
it is raining outside."
The doctor thought of the fly,
and not of his cushions.
"Oh, is it?" he exclaimed. "Then
please put the little creature in the
window pane, the doctor's patience be-
came a little worn, and he called his
man servant.
"What's the matter?" said the doc-
tor, "to open the window and carefully
put that fly outside."
"But, sir," said the servant, who
thought of the drowning fly, "the room
might get through an open casement,
it is raining outside."
The doctor thought of the fly,
and not of his cushions.
"Oh, is it?" he exclaimed. "Then
please put the little creature in the
window pane, the doctor's patience be-
came a little worn, and he called his
man servant.
"What's the matter?" said the doc-
tor, "to open the window and carefully
put that fly outside."
"But, sir," said the servant, who
thought of the drowning fly, "the room
might get through an open casement,
it is raining outside."
The doctor thought of the fly,
and not of his cushions.
"Oh, is it?" he exclaimed. "Then
please put the little creature in the
window pane, the doctor's patience be-
came a little worn, and he called his
man servant.
"What's the matter?" said the doc-
tor, "to open the window and carefully
put that fly outside."
"But, sir," said the servant, who
thought of the drowning fly, "the room
might get through an open casement,
it is raining outside."
The doctor thought of the fly,
and not of his cushions.
"Oh, is it?" he exclaimed. "Then
please put the little creature in the
window pane, the doctor's patience be-
came a little worn, and he called his
man servant.
"What's the matter?" said the doc-
tor, "to open the window and carefully
put that fly outside."
"But, sir," said the servant, who
thought of the drowning fly, "the room
might get through an open casement,
it is raining outside."
The doctor thought of the fly,
and not of his cushions.
"Oh, is it?" he exclaimed. "Then
please put the little creature in the
window pane, the doctor's patience be-
came a little worn, and he called his
man servant.
"What's the matter?" said the doc-
tor, "to open the window and carefully
put that fly outside."
"But, sir," said the servant, who
thought of the drowning fly, "the room
might get through an open casement,
it is raining outside."
The doctor thought of the fly,
and not of his cushions.
"Oh, is it?" he exclaimed. "Then
please put the little creature in the
window pane, the doctor's patience be-
came a little worn, and he called his
man servant.
"What's the matter?" said the doc-
tor, "to open the window and carefully
put that fly outside."
"But, sir," said the servant, who
thought of the drowning fly, "the room
might get through an open casement,
it is raining outside."
The doctor thought of the fly,
and not of his cushions.
"Oh, is it?" he exclaimed. "Then
please put the little creature in the
window pane, the doctor's patience be-
came a little worn, and he called his
man servant.
"What's the matter?" said the doc-
tor, "to open the window and carefully
put that fly outside."
"But, sir," said the servant, who
thought of the drowning fly, "the room
might get through an open casement,
it is raining outside."
The doctor thought of the fly,
and not of his cushions.
"Oh, is it?" he exclaimed. "Then
please put the little creature in the
window pane, the doctor's patience be-
came a little worn, and he called his
man servant.
"What's the matter?" said the doc-
tor, "to open the window and carefully
put that fly outside."
"But, sir," said the servant, who
thought of the drowning fly, "the room
might get through an open casement,
it is raining outside."
The doctor thought of the fly,
and not of his cushions.
"Oh, is it?" he exclaimed. "Then
please put the little creature in the
window pane, the doctor's patience be-
came a little worn, and he called his
man servant.
"What's the matter?" said the doc-
tor, "to open the window and carefully
put that fly outside."
"But, sir," said the servant, who
thought of the drowning fly, "the room
might get through an open casement,
it is raining outside."
The doctor thought of the fly,
and not of his cushions.
"Oh, is it?" he exclaimed. "Then
please put the little creature in the
window pane, the doctor's patience be-
came a little worn, and he called his
man servant.
"What's the matter?" said the doc-
tor, "to open the window and carefully
put that fly outside."
"But, sir," said the servant, who
thought of the drowning fly, "the room
might get through an open casement,
it is raining outside."
The doctor thought of the fly,
and not of his cushions.
"Oh, is it?" he exclaimed. "Then
please put the little creature in the
window pane, the doctor's patience be-
came a little worn, and he called his
man servant.
"What's the matter?" said the doc-
tor, "to open the window and carefully
put that fly outside."
"But, sir," said the servant, who
thought of the drowning fly, "the room
might get through an open casement,
it is raining outside."
The doctor thought of the fly,
and not of his cushions.
"Oh, is it?" he exclaimed. "Then
please put the little creature in the
window pane, the doctor's patience be-
came a little worn, and he called his
man servant.
"What's the matter?" said the doc-
tor, "to open the window and carefully
put that fly outside."
"But, sir," said the servant, who
thought of the drowning fly, "the room
might get through an open casement,
it is raining outside."
The doctor thought of the fly,
and not of his cushions.
"Oh, is it?" he exclaimed. "Then
please put the little creature in the
window pane, the doctor's patience be-
came a little worn, and he called his
man servant.
"What's the matter?" said the doc-
tor, "to open the window and carefully
put that fly outside."
"But, sir," said the servant, who
thought of the drowning fly, "the room
might get through an open casement,
it is raining outside."
The doctor thought of the fly,
and not of his cushions.
"Oh, is it?" he exclaimed. "Then
please put the little creature in the
window pane, the doctor's patience be-
came a little worn, and he called his
man servant.
"What's the matter?" said the doc-
tor, "to open the window and carefully
put that fly outside."
"But, sir," said the servant, who
thought of the drowning fly, "the room
might get through an open casement,
it is raining outside."
The doctor thought of the fly,
and not of his cushions.
"Oh, is it?" he exclaimed.